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There their noble forms repose,
 Who beheld the struggle close,
 Ending all their country's woes,
 Bravely for her dying.

Where the noxious weeds arise,
 There the craven sleepeth :
 Who for him in secret sighs ?
 Who above him weepeth ?
 Like a cloud his name shall pass,
 Like the dew upon the grass,
 Whence his race, or what he was,
 None remembrance keepeth.

S. R. J.

“SWEET AMONG THE WAVING TREES”*.

Written and composed by Mr. J. Parry, Editor of “Welsh Melodies,” for Mr. Braham, and sung by him, with the greatest success, in the opera of “Love in a Village,” at Drury Lane Theatre.

SWEET among the waving trees,
 Gently blows the morning breeze,
 Bright the gems that deck the thorn,
 Fair the form by nature worn.

While sluggards on their couches lie,
 And never taste the sweets of morn,
 O'er hills and dales gay sportsmen fly,
 With merry hound, and mellow horn !
 Mankind have various sports in view,
 Some hunt for wealth, and some for fame ;
 While those who virtue's chase pursue,
 Seek spotless honour for their game.
 While sluggards, &c. &c. &c.

* A little deviation from the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON is made in the insertion of this song ; but, as it is the production of a Welshman, and the only one who has *written and composed* for our national theatres, it cannot but be gratifying to the friends of the Principality, and especially to the lovers of poetry, to have it recorded in these pages.—ED.